

TIMOTHY.

The Favourite SPELLING SONG.

Sung by Mrs. Jordan.

As I was walking one morning in May,
I heard a young damsel to sigh and to say,
My true love has left me 'twas but yesterday
He took his leave of me, and so went away.
The very next time that I did him see,
He vow'd to be constant, he constant to me;
I ask'd him his name, and he made this reply,
'Tis T I M O T H Y.

My father's possess'd of nine hundred a year,
And I am his daughter—and only heir.
Not a farthing of fortune, he'll give me I fear,
If I marry with Y O U my dear.
Say's he if you'll wed me, pray tell me your mind,
A husband I'll make you, both loving and kind,
And now to the church my dear let us repair,
Ne'er mind, our F A T H E R.

They went to the church, and were married they say,
And went to the father, the very same day
Saying, honour'd father, we tell unto thee,
That we are M A R R I E D.
With that the old codger began for to stare,
You've married my daughter, and only heir,
But since it is so, to it I'll comply,
With T I M O T H Y.